

Moreover the addition of the two contested bars is by no means an anomaly in the style of Beethoven. There are not a hundred but a thousand similar caprices in his compositions. The mere fact that the two added bars destroy the symmetry of the phrase, is not a sufficient reason for his abstaining from them, if he had the idea in his mind. No one ridiculed more than he what is called *la carrure*, or squareness. There is a striking example of his boldness in this style, in the second part of the first piece of this same symphony, page 36 of the small edition of Breitkopf and Härtel; where a measure of silence, which appears superfluous, destroys all the rhythmic regularity, and endangers for the ensemble the return of the orchestra which succeeds it. Now, I shall have no difficulty in showing that the melody of Beethoven, thus prolonged, was so done with formal intent. The proof is in this same melody, reproduced a second time immediately after the *point d'orgue*, and which contains again two supplementary bars (D, C#, D, C#) which no one seems to notice; and bars, differing from those which many would suppress, and added, this time, after the fourth bar of the theme, whereas the two others are introduced into the theme after the third bar. The ensemble of the period is thus composed of two phrases of ten bars each; there is, therefore, an evident intention of the author in this double addition—*there is even symmetry*, which would not exist, if the two contested measures were suppressed, leaving the two other measures which have not been attacked. The effect of this passage of the Scherzo does not shock; on the contrary I confess it pleases me much. The symphony is thus executed in all the parts of the world in which the great works of Beethoven are understood. All the editions of the score, and separate parts contain these two bars; and, when, in 1850, with regard to the performance of this master-piece at one of the con-

certs of the Philharmonic Society of Paris, a journal reproached me with not having suppressed them, considering this error of engraving a fact of public notoriety, I received in a few days a letter from Mr. Schindler. Now Mr. Schindler wrote me expressly to thank me for not having made this correction. Mr. Schindler, who passed his life with Beethoven, does not believe in this pretended fault of engraving; and he assured me that he had heard the two famous measures in all the performances of this Symphony which took place under the direction of Beethoven himself. Would not the author have corrected it immediately had he recognized it as a fault? Whether he changed his opinion or not on this subject, in the latter years of his life, I cannot say.

[To be continued.]

### Filippo Trajetta.

[The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, in recording the death of this once noted composer, which took place in that city on the 9th inst., adds the following interesting memoir, which we copy with the omission only of a few unessential details.]

Phil. Trajetta was born at Venice in the month of January, 1776. Tomaso Trajetta, his father was one of the most eminent pupils of Durante, the well known founder of the Neapolitan school; after leaving whose instructions, he was called to compose for San Carlo at Naples, the Aliberti at Rome, and the principal theatres of Florence, Venice and Milan. He was subsequently called to teach Maria Theresa, Joseph the Second and Catharine the Second, in whose courts he composed his most successful operas. At St. Petersburg he became acquainted with a Swedish lady, whose brothers occupied a high position at the Russian court, and, although of a different religion from his own, he being a Catholic and she a Lutheran, he married her. Finding his health to suffer from the rigors of the Northern winters, Trajetta paid a short visit to England, and then removed to Venice, where he died in the year 1779. He was buried in one of the principal churches of Venice, and the inscription on his monument does him the high honor to designate him as *Musicae Reformatore*!

Phil. Trajetta, at the time of his father's death, was in his third year, and had but a faint recollection of him; but his stately manner, large wig, and richly ornamented sword, which he always wore, made an impression on the boy, which was never effaced from his memory. The care of educating the young Trajetta now fell upon his mother, who, with the strictest severity of maternal love, fulfilled her duties with justice to her son, and honor to herself. Trajetta was placed under the charge of the Jesuits at the Public Studies of Venice, which he left at the early age of thirteen, having received the unusual distinctions of being awarded the highest, and, we believe, only premium in the gift of the Examiners, who, at that time, were selected from the principal officers of government.

After studying music, (which was only intended as an accomplishment, his expectations pointing to the glory and eclat of military life), under minor professors, he was placed under the instruction of Feneroli and Perillo, who inducted him into the mysteries and profundities of thorough-bass, counterpoint, fugue, and composition generally. These learned musicians—pupils of Durante, and co-disciples of his father—finding him beyond the reach of any further instruction from them, advised him to go to Naples to profit by the superior advice of the veteran Piccini, likewise a pupil of Durante, to whom, in fact, the world is indebted for the brightest ornaments of the lyric stage in the Augustan age of musical composition.

In Piccini he found a kindred spirit, and, as he often said with tears of gratitude, he derived from him much important information, and many valuable hints in the philosophy of composition.

At Piccini's house he met many distinguished composers and singers, and frequently sang duets with the great tenor, Davidi the elder, of whom he always spoke in terms of unreserved praise.

About this time he composed, as an amateur, an opera in which Davidi was to sing at San Carlo; but, the revolution then breaking out, Piccini, being suspected of republican tendencies on account of his daughter's marriage with a gentleman who wore the unpardonable cockade, was obliged to fly from Naples, and hence, through the loss of Piccini's influence and protection, the abandonment of the design of producing Trajetta's opera.

Trajetta then joined the patriot army and fought by the side of Mack, who, although a Colonel in the royal army, threw up his commission and took the humble position of private soldier, and thus contended against his former companions in arms, although commanded by his father—the Generalissimo of King Ferdinand's forces. It is unnecessary, at this place, to attempt a description of the brutal betrayal of the patriot army by Lord Nelson and Cardinal Ruffi. We only refer to these misfortunes of the patriots to show their entire and perfect defeat; large numbers were thrown into prison, and Trajetta was among them, charged with the additional crime of having composed the patriotic hymns, which were sung by the soldiery from morning till night.

He remained in a horrible dungeon, several feet below the level of the sea, without light, without clothing, almost without food, surrounded by vermin and filth, for the space of eight months, when he was liberated through a secret influence, provided with a German passport, and placed on board an American vessel owned by General Derby, of Boston, who was also a passenger. Trajetta arrived in America in the winter of 1799, and settled in Boston, where he wrote the beautiful System of Vocal Exercises, since published in Philadelphia, and composed his celebrated Washington's Dead March. He resided some time in New York, where he composed the cantatas, "The Christian's Joy" and "The Prophecy;" also the opera of "The Venetian Maskers." He subsequently became a theatrical manager in the southern cities, producing before the public a lady bearing the name of Eliza Trajetta, and supposed to be his daughter—but she was not—who created a great sensation as a singer and actress.

Trajetta was solicited by Da Ponte, the former poet laureate of Joseph II, to return to New York to compose for La Signorina Garcia, but unfortunately, before his arrival, the company was disbanded. He then returned to the South, where he lived, secluded and quiet, in the mountains of Virginia, enjoying frequent visits from our ex-Presidents Madison and Monroe, who held him in high esteem and confidence.

His second return to the North was instigated by his friend and pupil, H. K. Hill, by whose assistance the American Conservatoire was established in Philadelphia, which produced, in 1828, the splendid oratorios, "Jerusalem in Affliction" and "The Daughter of Zion." At a later period his cantatas, "The Nativity" and "The Day of Rest," were performed by other associations.

Trajetta was a thorough contrapuntist, a performer on nearly every instrument of the orchestra, a solo-performer on several, an impassioned and cultivated singer, possessing a barytone voice of great natural ability, trained by severe study to fill the highest tenor part, and an inimitable orchestral conductor. He was likewise an accomplished linguist, a skilful chemist, a profound mathematician, and a well-read historian. In his manners he was elevated, dignified and elegant, observing the nicest punctilios of etiquette, yet constantly showing the ever-varying nuances called forth by deep feeling. He was a warm friend, an impartial critic, a man of indomitable pride and unswerving principle, always ready to bestow a favor, but never willing to receive one; in every sense he was a gentleman.

For several years Trajetta has lived a retired life, receiving visits only from a few pupils, who know how to appreciate the advantages gained

from his vast learning and enlarged experience, and who retain for him a deep love of his virtues, and a profound admiration of his genius. In person Trajetta was short and slender, having remarkably small hands and feet, a flashing grey eye, large aquiline nose, and massive forehead surmounted by a peculiar arrangement of the hair—a *la Virgil*—which gave to his expressive face an appearance not to be forgotten.

[Prepared for this Journal.]

### Gleanings from German Papers.

It seems the musical firmament is never to want stars. We find the following in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, under date of Munich, Dec. 19.

"Upon the two young Polish artists Weiniawsky, whose second concert Franz Lachner himself directed, one of the first Munich authorities sends us the following opinion:—Criticism has thus far never dared to rank any violin virtuoso whatever with Paganini, the master most perfect in the technicalities of his art, nor even to allow any one a place near him in comparison. Herr Heinrich Weiniawsky has succeeded in forcing the admission that he not only comes near the idolized Paganini in style, rising even to the so-called demoniac caprices, but adds many a new charm. As there is here no room for a full and particular criticism upon all the technical points in this gentleman's playing, suffice it to say simply that in respect to tone, bowing, staccato, arpeggios and double stops in thirds, sixths, and tenths, greater perfection is not possible. Equally extraordinary is his brother Joseph, hardly yet 15 years of age, as a pianist. The elegance, cleanness, and strength of his touch, his cleanness in the most difficult runs, the finish and roundness of his play, secure him already a rank among the first virtuosos."

That is certainly stating the case strongly.

Here is another paragraph to be recorded in the vernacular. We find it in the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

"Dec. 20th. The three hundredth performance of "Don Juan," which was given there for the first time Dec. 20th, 1790, 63 years ago, has taken place on the stage of the Royal Opera house at Berlin, before a crowded audience. The *Regisseur* of the grand Opera, Herr Stawinsky, recited a monologue, which closed amid universal applause. Fraulein Wagner was the Donna Anna. The Berlin *National Zeitung* gives a complete statistical account of the distribution of all the parts on the Royal Berlin Stage, from its first performance, Dec. 20th, 1790, to its three hundredth, Dec. 20th, 1853. We see among them that the talented and accomplished actor, singer, and author, Edward Devrient, now of Carlsruhe, has appeared there at various times in the characters of Don Juan, Leporello and Masetto."

The same mail brings the news of the death of Musikdirector Heuschkel, at Biberich, on the Rhine, near Mainz. He was one of C. M. von Weber's instructors. He died on the 5th Dec.

In March another opera by the Duke of Gotha is to take its chance before the public. The Berliners are to do it. Of course the "first rank of Logés" will pronounce it good. We do not know any reason, though, why even a German prince may not rise to the rank of a composer—they say Prince Albert (of the same family) has risen to be a Russian spy.



For Dwight's Journal of Music.

**How much shall I Practice?**

It is not of so much consequence *how long* you practice as it is *how* you practice. You may practice from morning till night, and yet you are likely to have gained nothing by it, except bad habits. Be mindful, above all, of what you are doing, and let your ear be with it. You will sometimes meet pianoforte-players who play like machines; who neither hear nor feel what they are playing. This results especially from the neglect of the ear. The study of the mechanism of piano-playing too easily induces us to play thoughtlessly, since it requires so little feeling; hence do not dream, but be spirited and cheerful and have all your senses about you, so that nothing escapes your control. Five-finger-exercises, scales, chord-passages, double tones, arpeggios, trills ("the most beautiful ornament through three centuries," as one musical writer calls it), ought to be practiced every day, because they are the rudiments of all compositions for the piano-forte. So we must strive to grow every day at least a little better in the execution of them. With this view, the constant practice of the celebrated exercises by Cramer, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Bertini, Döhler, etc., in which almost every peculiarity of the piano-forte is regarded, and among which are pieces of solid musical value—is earnestly recommended to every one who desires to become a fine pianist.

With the mechanical cultivation the musical must go hand in hand. Hence do not always play exercises, but also pieces which ennoble the taste and feeling, pieces which contain true music. In the selection of these, we have regard to the nature and character of the piano-forte; they must display its finest qualities; to use a professional term, they must be *pianoforte-like*. You frequently find pieces for this instrument which sound most beautifully upon paper, but very badly upon the piano-forte; and you may congratulate yourselves if after playing them, one or the other of your nice fingers is not spoiled. The musical literature, however, is more than rich in compositions in which the instrument is not made a sacrifice to the music, but pours forth its sweetest tones with brilliancy and splendor. It is only necessary to know who has written them, and where they are to be had. This knowledge you may claim of your teacher.

It is further necessary for the improvement of the taste to hear good music frequently, and to read about it. For the former, every important city offers opportunity enough, and Boston more than any other in this country; for the latter, I recommend the regular perusal of the paper in which you just now—perhaps only accidentally—are reading. If besides, you enjoy the intercourse of intelligent musical persons, there is no fear that your taste will go astray.

To speak now of the amount of time which ought to be devoted to your daily practice, provided it is conducted in the manner above described, I may say: practice as much as possible; the more the better; practice two, three, four, or more hours a day, regularly; also avail yourself of all the accidental time in which you are at leisure, and do not even disregard the minutes.\*

\*I need not observe that this is said to advanced scholars, not to beginners. These latter, especially if they are children, should, in my opinion, not practice at all; at least not during the first lessons. If, however, their parents or other relatives are able to control their proceedings, it is of course another affair.

As for the right use of these latter, I translate a funny, but very instructive passage from Friedrich Wieck, one of the most experienced, intelligent, and successful music-teachers in Germany. He says:—

"You don't make enough of the minutes. As the general attainments of our education require so much time,—as our friends bereave us of so many an hour,—alas! and the balls with their preparations consume whole days,—alas! and parties, sleighrides, lectures, etc., can also not be attended to without wasting fine hours: should we not at least save the remaining minutes? It is ten minutes before dinner; to the piano, quickly! two five finger-exercises, two scales, two difficult passages from the music-piece which I am studying, and a self-composed exercise, are easily done,—and now the turkey and the pie will taste the better. My dear Emma, we may talk ever so long about the immense snow, yet it does not melt for that. Look here! how do you like this passage? It is from a beautiful Notturmo by Chopin, but so difficult that I must practice it a hundred times more than any other one, lest I should always be obliged to stop on its account, and never play the piece before an audience. Do you not think it is wonderfully fine, elegant, and original? To-night I am doomed to pass three hours without music; therefore I shall now busy the disobedient third finger with a very dry, but most useful exercise. It has by its obstinacy and weakness spoiled me so many a fine passage; I'll trouble it now until it gets tired, etc., etc.

"What do you think? How many hours may these minutes amount to in a year?"

Though not all playing is practicing, yet playing to an audience is always most useful, and indispensable for the acquiring of that confidence, that self-command, without which no performance will succeed; not to mention that the thought that more ears than our own are listening, together with a natural ambition, stimulates us to an uncommon exertion of all our powers, which of course must be much in favor of our progress. Try, therefore, frequently to delight your friends by the playing of the pieces you have thoroughly studied; but never play to persons who disregard music or who are in the habit of talking during your performance; cease instantly when you hear it. This is by no means impolite; it shows only that you esteem music higher than they do.

From all things regularly done we reap a double fruit. Hence practice regularly so that it shall become a dear custom with you. Attend to it even when you do not feel inclined, when your spirits are low. Full-grown persons must have enough mastery over themselves to perform their duty at any time with cheerfulness; and children too must learn it. (But don't make them cry; try rather to prevail on them by love.) A proper pianoforte-student should even possess heroism enough to renounce the most tempting pleasures, when interfering with his regular time of practice. Should you not be able to do so, do at least what Fr. Wieck said about the minutes. Never flatter yourself with the thought that a few days make no difference; on the contrary, three or four days without practice put you six or eight days back. This being the truth, you will admit that some of your friends are on a wrong way, who close their instrument for weeks and months together, and go into the country to practice horse-back-riding, gunning and bathing,

instead of the piano-forte. If you enjoy these recreations after your day's work is done, I have no objection to it; but never sacrifice to the horse or the gun a minute of your regular time of practice.

Much regular and careful practice is by all means indispensable. No fine pianist has become so without it, however great his talent, however good his instruction. I know a number who have practised not only all the day, but a part of the night too, so that one might say, they lived upon the key-board. But this I would not advise you to do, even if you had the time and perseverance. You have not made music your profession; to you she shall only be a dear friend, who accompanies you soothingly and comfortably through all the trials of life; who exalts your joys and your sorrows; ay! who exalts and ennobles yourself, your whole being, if you treat her rightly. Should we not do all we can to gain such a friend?

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

**THE CEMETERY IN —.**

Go Northward from the busy town, pass by the placid pond,  
And enter the secluded wood but a few steps beyond;  
A pathway, slippery with the leaves from former summers shed,  
Through well befitting shade conducts to the City of the Dead.

The gentle knoll that Nature reared, the green and grassy glen,  
Art's fairy fingers have retouched and beautified again;  
No sights unwelcome, no rude sounds the scene's soft beauty mar;  
Mid flowers and marble monuments the resting-places are.

And many an elegant device upon the stones behold!  
The Angel-child, the broken shaft, the serpent's mystic fold;  
Hope's Anchor, that the life-worn soul cannot but rest upon,  
And the faithful Flame aspiring still to the Everlasting Sun.

As in the neighboring city's streets workmen with every year  
New habitations for the throng of living men uprear,  
So evermore extend these houses, as, the long slumber led,  
Earth's severed households meet once more in the City of the Dead.

And in the crowded city's streets men waken with the day,  
And to the workshop and the mart pursue their eager way;  
But with the sun upriseth none that here hath lain his head,  
To walk among the grass-bound paths in the City of the Dead.

And through the crowded city's streets men journey from afar,  
On pleasure and on gain intent, in loaded coach and car;  
But the dwellers in the sepulchres,—they travel not again;  
Ho! Pilgrims that have entered here, here doth your rest remain!

And through the spacious city streets pass long processions oft,  
With martial music on the air, and banners borne aloft;  
Here only funeral trains come in all noiselessly and slow,  
Not now to laud some son of earth, but to lay some sleeper low.

There need no rites of prayer and hymn to consecrate this grove,  
Where sighs and gushing tears have been and longings of vain love;

Where while the dust to kindred dust friends, families return,  
Sorrow within the heart shall lie like ashes in the urn.

Where every soul that hath been bid some loved one to resign,  
Hath in its secret chamber said, "What sorrow is like mine!"  
And hearts like Rachel's still shall bled, and will not have relief;

Such woes, sweet wood, have hallowed thee: thou'rt consecrate by grief.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

**From my Diary. No. XXXVIII.**

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—Last night, in spite of the attractions of Wood's Minstrels, Christy's Minstrels, Buckley's Minstrels, and Uncle Tom's Cabin at some three different places of amusement, a fine large audience assembled at the Tabernacle to hear the performances of the Philharmonic Society! Well, that is encouraging. Think of it; this is the twelfth season, and the public—which crowds three halls nightly, year in and year out, to hear, "Down in Tennessee," "Lucy Neal," "Jim along Josey," and other classic melodies from the South, or imitations

thereof,—has reached the point of sustaining four—yes, four concerts a year, like those of which Boston has from ten to twenty in a winter, not to mention the extras. The Tabernacle was not crowded—there was room enough for a few more—but still there were so many, that after the concert I went on my way rejoicing. Still, when I reflect how much the cultivation of a taste for high Art, be it in painting, sculpture or music, depends upon a long familiarity with the great works in either department, I do not wonder that the Philharmonic Society has not yet been able to fill any hall of large dimensions. Had Metropolitan Hall not been burned there were some chance for hope, that a new class of the community might be induced to attend by adopting a scale of prices, as Jullien did. There are two things, which sometime or other in the lapse of ages may possibly be achieved even in New York—an annual series of Oratorios, and another of Symphonic concerts, well supported.

Last night we had the second Symphony of Schumann—which did not take me along with it. Indeed, the nearer we drew to the close the better I was pleased. Until the works of Haydn and Mozart are lost I do not wish a repetition of this. I found it very heavy and dull—it required an effort to listen to it. How different it was with the second Symphony of Beethoven, which came after the intermission! Really, for richness of melody, clearness of structure, and glorious beauty of instrumentation, does any of Beethoven's works surpass it? The one I hear last I find always is his best. Within a few days I have been looking over some German musical periodicals of the time when this work was composed, and it does one good to see how it at once took its place all through Germany, with the best of Mozart and Haydn. The period from 1798 to 1806 was very fertile in the production of Symphonies. Who now knows the authors of them, save the two great exceptions? From 1803 to 1807, Beethoven had a rival in this department of music—not Haydn—"hin war all seine Kraft"—he had ceased to write—but one whose works were more highly praised than his own. His name was Eberl, and, had he lived, perhaps he would not now have been forgotten. This, by the way.

As I listened last night to that glorious work, I went back half a century in imagination, and looked at the audience in Prince Lobkowitz's palace, as they listened to this work, so full of innovations, so new in its ideas and in the mode of treating them, so difficult (then) of performance, and deformed—as they must have thought—by such oddities and singular freaks. However, they became reconciled at length, and then came the "Eroica," and—the man was crazy!

Miss Brainard is a sweet singer, with a delicious voice, and Schubert's *Ave Maria* seemed well chosen, which Handel's "Rejoice Greatly" did not, for her.

A man by the name of Mozart once ventured to express an opinion, that Handel, however much in some of his songs he gave way to the fashions of his time, always had something in him—and that in the midst of his old fashioned rousades there is an idea, for one capable of appreciating it. I have a certain feeling of respect for the opinion of that same Mozart, and felt all the way through the "Rejoice Greatly" that with the trumpet tones of a Mara, or a Malibran, it would stir up the soul.

Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* was the closing piece, but we had very little "stille" (silence), owing to so large a portion of the audience hurrying out to get a "glückliche Fahrt" home, in omnibus and car. The piece lost its effect, and had I never heard it before I might have agreed with some critics, who were speaking in hard terms of it, as we came out—as it is, not.

Jan. 20.—I declare there is one delightful place in this city to go to, and that is Bryan's Gallery. After some months' interregnum, I find it has all the charm of novelty again. If the collection was anywhere but in this money-changing place, it could not be so deserted. But its owner is above the usual modes of attracting attention, and like a certain musical journalist, who might be mentioned, thinks that the good, like truth, will make its way. So it will, no doubt, in time, but truth makes martyrs' skulls her stepping-stones. White's catalogue has really great merit, and the best possible preparation for the galleries of Europe, which one can make in this country, is to study these pictures with that pamphlet in hand. There are several young ladies just now studying in the gallery and making copies of their favorites. One de-

votes herself mainly to heads, another to landscapes, and succeeds so well that I think we shall hear of her again, after her studies in Italy, whither she goes this spring, I am told. Those who make copies here can hardly do it from any pecuniary motive. S. told me of a case in point. A young painter of a good deal of merit occupied himself some three weeks upon a copy of one of Bryan's pictures, and succeeded finely. When finished it was framed at an expense of \$8. It was sent to a dealer, who sold it and returned the artist—\$11. I forget whether, reckoning up all the expenses to which he had been put, calling his time nothing, this sum left him 12½ cents plus or minus.

A friend rather joked me for putting so much faith in Mr. Bryan. Now, he is a man who has studied the subject on which he speaks, he never makes rash assertions, does not pretend that his is a collection of master-pieces,—claiming only to have specimens of masters—and in all cases speaks of a picture, and of his opinion of it, in a manner which shows both his knowledge and honesty. I am not ashamed to trust a man whose opinions upon paintings are quoted with respect by the *London Art Journal*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 28, 1854.

### Musical Instruments.—Crystal Palace Awards.

We have received, in pamphlet form, the "Report of the Jury on Musical Instruments, at the Crystal Palace, New York, 1853." It is an interesting and instructive document, from the pen of Wm. Henry Fry, reporter of the Jury, besides whom the Jury consisted of Messrs. Wm. Norris, of Philadelphia, (*Chairman*); Geo. F. Bristow, (*Secretary*), Emile Girac, Theo. Eisfeld, Alfred Bouéher, and Richard Storrs Willis, all of New York; L. Meigen, of Philadelphia, M. Jullien, and Max Maretzek.

The Report bears every internal evidence of candor, intelligence and faithful devotedness on the part of the Jury, whose method of examining and testing the multitudes of instruments submitted to them appears to have been philosophical and thorough. They held their sessions, for the sake of greater quiet, chiefly in the night, after the palace was closed to the public, and frequently their labors were pursued "hard on to morning's dawn." Each member also made his own observations singly at all convenient times.

Undisturbedly and temperately, they examined every instrument practically, theoretically, and historically; looking to its positive outworkings, its relations to art, and connection with previous steps, improvements, and claims to originality. In order to determine as exactly as possible the merit of each instrument, there was adopted a scale of adjectives, each of particular import as applicable to quality of tone, equality of the same, action, strength, finish, originality, and so forth. The notes of all the scales were tried diatonically, chromatically, in octaves and in chords; the tenacity and durability of the components of whatever instrument carefully considered; the supposed or stated rank or price of the instrument taken into view; the nature of any novelty, asserted or found, specially weighed. On each and all these points, the votes were finally taken. And in order that no treacherous memory might injure the cause of any claimant to honors among the exhibitors of pianos, those instruments were ranged side by side, by order of the musical jury. Thus our body was enabled on the instant to determine, comparatively and positively, the quality and rank of whatever instrument so tested. And I may here remind you, Mr. Chairman, of a fact which constantly and agreeably struck us during

these general investigations and decisions—which was, that the combined opinion of the jurors hardly in a single instance differed from that contained in the private note-book of each member of it, taken down during his individual investigation; and this gratifying circumstance will account for the absence of any minority Report, and for the unanimity of opinion to which we have come.

Of course, the most important instruments before the Jury were the Piano-fortes. They started with the principle that the highest quality of any artificial instrument is its resemblance to the *singing voice*; and on this ground, of *vocality of tone*, they unanimously awarded the first prize to Erard's Grand Piano. The remarks of the Report on this instrument will be read with interest:

That there may be no misunderstanding as to the decided opinion of the Committee on this very important matter, let me state that their appreciation of Erard's Grand Pianos is complete and irrefragable; that they deem these instruments not only the best, but much the best, in the great vocal quality indispensable to the first class; and that, under the hands of a modern master, whose digital dexterity and diversified grasp can compress distant octaves into sonorous juxtaposition, and shade to the extent allowed by the piano whatever note, such an instrument partakes, in a measure, of the eloquent and heroic temper of a chorus and an orchestra, and opens a new era in the transcendental possibilities of pianoism. This fact should be impressed on our American makers, in order that they may strive to reach, as speedily as possible, the apex of distinction thus accorded to the great French maker. It may be remarked, in connection with this matter, that the superiority of Erard's pianos arises from his superiority as a musician. Instructed in the rules of High Art, and with the delicate and noble sense of a master of sound, he comes to the work of piano-forte making, better fortified than any other man. He feels and knows what are the highest lyrical requirements of a piano: and the advanced ingenuities of the age seconding his efforts, he is enabled to take, incomparably, the first rank as a maker of poetically-toned piano-fortes. The Committee, however, came to a conclusion in regard to Erard's pianos that, owing to a single great deficiency, which shall be stated in its proper place, their use in the United States must be extremely limited; but with this qualification, they are of opinion, that American piano-forte makers should study high musical art, as Erard has done, if they would rival him: by that they mean Musical Method, Style, and Philosophy.

The single deficiency alluded to, is their not standing in tune in our climate. The Committee made a distinct experiment upon all the pianos, in regard to their relative powers of standing in tune. The other qualities taken into the general account, were invention, quality of tone, action, touch, frame and case. Under each head they note three degrees of excellence, designated by the terms *fine*, *good* and *fair*. Of Grand Pianos there were only six exhibitors. The Messrs. Chickering, of this city, offered no specimens of their manufacture. The instrument of Erard, Paris, was pronounced *fine* in all the above qualities, with the exceptions of frame, which is set down as *good*, and durability of tune. To it was awarded the first bronze medal, the silver being reserved for new inventions. The same to that of Huni & Hubert, Switzerland. Bronze medals also were awarded to the Grand Pianos of Stodart, England, and of Bassford, New York. The specimen exhibited by Hallett & Davis of this city, was pronounced *fine* in quality of tone, *fair* in equality, *good* in action, and *fine* in touch, frame and case, but received no award. Among



the Cabinet-Upright Pianos, bronze medals were awarded to Pleyel and to Erard, and a silver medal to Debain, all of Paris. Among Square Pianos of three strings, in whole or part, bronze medals are awarded to Huni & Hubert, Switzerland, to Bassford, to Light & Newton, and to Firth, Pond & Co., all of New York; and "Honorable Mention" to Hallet & Davis, and George Hews, of this city. Among the Square Pianos with two strings, the "Æolian Attachment" of Gilbert was "admired" by the Committee, and a bronze medal awarded.

We admire the frankness with which the Report dismisses some productions as of bad tendency in Art. For instance: "The Banjos, being esteemed barbarous, are passed by our body, as unworthy of notice and beneath the dignity of Art." "Keyed-Stop Violins, inartistic and injurious to Art;" "intended to act as guides, by way of *frets* to the soul of the player." And the following is a richly needed lesson:

The necessity of Schools of Art and Design among us is exhibited in not a few instances, in the vulgar, tawdry decorations of American pianos, which show a great deal of taste, and that very bad. Not only do we find the very heroics of gingerbread radiating in hideous splendors, fit for the drawing-room of a fashionable hotel, adorned with spit-boxes among other savageries; but even the plain artistic black-and-white, of the keys—that classic simplicity and harmonious distinction—is superseded for pearl and tortoise-shell and eye-grating vermilion abominations. The Committee would advise the makers of these latter instruments to keep them exclusively for the Shanghai trade.

We cannot enter farther into the particulars of this interesting Report; but to give an idea of the extent and the importance, both commercially and socially, of the manufacture of musical instruments in this country, we conclude our extracts with the following:

Few persons, your Reporter would remark, are aware of the great and rapidly growing trade in musical instruments. If the Committee be not misinformed, the value of the manufacture of pianos alone in this country is equal to one-fourth of that of the cotton crop; that staple which is supposed to weigh chiefly the chances of peace or war with Europe. At the present rate of increase in the manufacture of American pianofortes, their annual value must in comparatively a few years, reach the enormous sum of fifty million dollars. This immense spread of the lyrical material in the United States, our Committee wish me to dwell upon, as it does not appear in public documents, or enter into the speeches of statesmen, but which, nevertheless, has more to do with the elevation and sustentation of a people worthy of being called free, than most vaunted treaties or the best senatorial orations. Our Committee fully believe, that the artists and fabricators who introduce the love for the beautiful into the homes of the humble; who substitute pictures, statues, pianos, or whatever other out-working of taste, for rude, coarse, and noxious excitements and stimulants, have infinitely more to do with the glory and advancement of the American people, than the solution of party questions, or the straw-thrashings of discussion on dispensable government functions. The Committee would express their pride to note, that the army in this country is with difficulty amassed; the Report of the Secretary of War, just out, showing that one-third of the men have to be recruited afresh each year, the service offering such poor attractions in comparison with the inducements which industry everywhere presents in the United States. This fact they would place alongside of another: that there is hardly a laborer or workman in this country, who may not in the course of a few years, by the practice of temperance and prudence, be enabled to adorn his little home

with a pianoforte, which, for comparative excellence, is so remarkable, that the wealth of states, a few years ago, could not have commanded such an instrument. These significant and eloquent facts in regard to the construction and disposition of the instrument most in use, the piano, the Committee would present to the public as all-important to home industry and home weal; and they would express their opinion, that if the American makers improve for the next few years, as they have for the past few years, they may defy competition in pianos, as they already do in brass instruments.

#### Germania Musical Society.

SEVENTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT. This was, we believe, unanimously voted the feeblest, least inspiring and least entertaining of the series. It certainly was a bad plan to repeat the "Desert." At least the only good resulting from it was the removal of the last lingering shadows of a doubt that David's "Ode-Symphony" is literally a desert. As a *dessert*, after the not very satisfying courses of the first part, its music was about as stale and disappointing as the pun itself. Sig. CAMOENZ, whether New England cold or desert dreariness possessed him, sang scarcely a note in tune; not only were the sweetish tenor songs let down to baritone, but the barometer kept sinking. Yet no storm ensued:—i. e. of applause.

Part First consisted of Weber's overture to *Oberon* (good, but of late too common); the grand bass air from Mozart's "Magic Flute": *In diesen heiligen Hallen*, sung by Sig. CAMOENZ (by no means so common as it should be here); an orchestral Scherzo by Robert Schumann, which, taken thus out of its connection, was unintelligible and uninteresting to the many, whereas the entire work (Overture Scherzo and Finale) would have been both too long and too strange for a wide appreciation; the march, not the overture, from Mendelssohn's "Athalia" (the overture is grand, the march is but a second, feeble working up of the ideas of the Wedding March); and finally of the *Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn, for piano, played by Mr. ROBERT HELLER (with fine clear, sparkling touch, and easy execution, only coldly and without much light and shade). This, however, produced a hearty encore and was followed by one of the florid Andantes through which Jaell's fingers used to flit with so much liquid grace. Mr. Heller's turn came properly before the March; after some pause, the gentlemanly agent, Mr. Bandt, came forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Heller is not here—I cannot find him!"—and the loud good humor with which this honest and naïve announcement was applauded, showed that the audience felt and admired its contrast with the pompous studied apologies so common in such cases.

The Music Hall was nearly filled, though not quite to the mark of previous Germania nights. This and the faint applause following the "Desert," were good signs to offset what has been said of the lapsing taste in this community.

WEDNESDAY'S REHEARSAL.—We rejoice that the Germanians do not allow these valuable opportunities to be converted wholly to the ends of the amusement-seeking flirts and chatter-boxes. These are not *promenade concerts*, where people talk and walk and dance and flirt, with music playing in the centre, like a fountain, all unheeded, save by now and then some musing *solitaire* amid the buzzing throng. They are opportunities

whereby the denizens of town and country may make some acquaintance with good music, and where what meets the growing taste of the more earnest, is wisely mingled with, or rather followed by, light strains to catch the ears of the young seekers of amusement, in the hope that now and then a soul among them also may be caught upward by the real music.

Last time they gave us Mendelssohn's graceful, childlike, charming little overture to his domestic opera, "The Return from Abroad;" followed by the strange and sombre Andante, the exquisitely flowing and melodious Allegretto, and the Saltarello finale of his "Italian" Symphony (No. 4). This was followed by piano-playing from Mr. ROBERT HELLER, the Overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, and every form of dance, waltz, polka, galop, &c.,—music, not for music, but to dance by.

EXTENSION OF GRACE.—By the new announcement of Mr. Bandt, it will be seen, that the Germanians have increased the *three* remaining nights of their subscription series to *seven*. They will give a concert every Saturday evening till the 18th of March inclusive. (*Eight*, in fact.) These are to be alternately "light" and "classical." Thus they provide for either taste by turns, and equally. Thus, after all, we grasp substantially those "Symphony Soirées" that dangled so tantalizingly before us and were then (as it seemed) finally withdrawn; while at the same time the Germanians will throw out plentiful "sops to Cerberus," that has so long worried them with clamors after more songs and dances and light music. It may also test effectually the relative strength of parties in this matter: although that by no means necessarily follows. We expect the "lights" to *out-number*—we are *sure* they will *out-shout* and *clap*—the rival party; but we expect also to show that the "appreciating few" fond of good music for music's sake, are not by any means so *very* few as it has been tauntingly and often said.

To-night the "lights" have it. A programme light indeed! and (if we may be pardoned the suggestion) a little too closely modelled upon Julien's programmes, not to endanger the Germania *prestige*. But we are glad to see that good overtures and parts of symphonies are not excluded. There will be some strains to warn the merry ones that higher spheres of joy and harmony exist; and perhaps these brief and fleeting glimpses of the angel will charm some to pursue his shining into the so-called "classical" soirées.

#### Otto Dresel's Third Soirée.

A more delightful, pure, rich feast of music than that of Tuesday evening, we have not yet had. The Chickering saloon seemed fuller than ever with the most attentive listeners. The first piece, the Trio by Beethoven, in D, op. —, has not been publicly performed before in Boston, and made a deep impression; especially that marvellously beautiful second movement, *Largo assai ed espressivo*, where the impassioned melody of the strings is veiled in such a thin and mystic element by the softly flowing, exquisitely fine divisions of the piano, that an awed sense of spiritual presences creeps over one. Hence it has acquired the name of *Geister*, or "Ghost Trio," in Germany, from this slow movement; though there is nothing of the same element in the bril-

liant opening *Allegro con brio*, or the concluding *Presto*. The three artists, DRESEL, BERGMANN and SCHULTZE entered entirely into the spirit of the music, which they rendered with most satisfactory clearness, finish, light and shade and true artistic fervor.

For graceful and poetic recreation between this and the next solid piece, Mr. Dresel gave us masterly interpretations of shorter piano solos from Chopin and Mendelssohn. Of the former, a Polonaise, in A flat, in the bold, chivalric, brilliant, patriotic mood of Chopin, and the spiritual and dreamy Nottornos in E major and B major. Of the latter, the Duetto and one other of the *Lieder ohne Worte*.

The Quartet by Schumann, for piano and stringed instruments, played here for the first time, interested us from beginning to end. It is full of fire and vigor and originality and effective contrasts. The *Allegro* is one of those clear, full, sustained movements, which any one, familiar with Mozart and Beethoven, might at once appreciate. The *Scherzo* and *Finale* were more strangely individual and extremely difficult, and doubtless puzzled many hearers, till attention flagged. So far as we might dare to judge from a first hearing, it is a noble work, and leaves us still in ignorance of what the *Athenæum* critic means by "ugly music."

The Second Part was sacredly appropriated to the glorious Concerto by Sebastian Bach. The three pianos were played by OTTO DRESEL, J. TRENKLE, and CARL BERGMANN,—the latter's debut, and a most satisfactory one, in the character of pianist. The stringed instruments were ably manned, as last year, by members of the Germania Orchestra. The full, rich, satisfying streams of melody, now in bold unison, and now in "harmonious difference discreet," rolled on rejoicingly and grandly. One's soul is buoyed up and strengthened by such broad and swelling rivers of sincere and generous music. When such spontaneous, gushing heartiness is found united (as in Bach) with the highest mastery of artistic skill and learning, the pleasure is the greatest which one mind can give to another. That he had as much sentiment as learning, no one could help feeling in the second movement, the *Andante*, in Siciliano measure, which has the most delicate and spiritually pensive coloring. The success of the Concerto was complete; all enjoyed, all felt it; all were enchained by it to the end, and carried home a conscious treasure in its recollection.

**HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.** At the Annual Meeting of this Society, on Monday evening, 16th inst, the following Resolutions, offered by James Sturgis, Esq., were unanimously adopted and their publication ordered in this Journal. The mover introduced them with some interesting and affectionate reminiscences of our deceased friend's travels in Europe, in 1850, during which time he had been for three months his companion.

*Whereas*, It has pleased God to remove from the scene of his earthly labors our beloved associate and friend, JONAS CHICKERING, and

*Whereas*, It becomes this society, at its first subsequent gathering, to take fitting notice of this so mournful event and so serious loss, therefore it is

*Resolved*, That the Harvard Musical Association recognizes in his demise an irreparable loss; since it is the removal of one personally endeared to all;

one who was ever earnest in his endeavor to promote the cause and raise the standard of that science which so deeply interests its members; and who by his position and social influence did much to extend the musical cultivation and improve the musical taste of the community and country.

*Resolved*, That this society has lost a true friend and most worthy member, the musician an earnest and liberal benefactor, the musical community a faithful co-operator, the City of Boston a valuable citizen and one whose modesty and liberality equalled his usefulness and integrity of character;

*Resolved*, That this society deeply sympathizes with the bereaved family of the deceased; and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to them and the same placed upon the records of the Association.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Money versus Music: or Business before Art.

MR. EDITOR:—A friend called my attention the other day to a letter from Boston in the *New York Musical Review*, in which among other matters, Mr. Dresel and his soirées are discussed. The letter is evidently "a business operation." The compliments lavished upon Boston and the Bostonians—the laudatory notices of all our native celebrities, from the Handel and Haydn Society to—Ike Partington! the whole tone and spirit of the paper prove this.

Our leading manufacturers of musical instruments are tenderly patronized. We are gratified with the information that Church-music is better cared for in Boston than in any city in the world, and our choirs, choristers and organists are implored to send in their names to the N. Y. M. R. that the clairvoyant or clair-oyant critic may be enabled, sitting in his own sanctum, to discourse as appreciatingly of their various excellencies as he could if he had heard their performances with the bodily ear! Why not—since a kindred spirit is able to produce the very best article of Paris correspondence in a snug back room of the *Herald* office? The writer in the *Review* was evidently "laboring in his vocation." He felt of course that all these compliments required the relief of a good stinging bit of injustice to something or somebody. And casting about for a victim, he unluckily for himself, stumbled upon Mr. Dresel, about whom he expatiates in a manner so perfectly absurd, that his remarks would be beneath notice were they not made to serve as the introduction to a general vituperation of foreigners and foreign artists, which, as an appeal to the basest and silliest portion of the public, deserves a brief rebuke.

During two successive seasons, Mr. Dresel's quiet, unostentatious and elegant soirées have been fully attended by persons familiar with the best music on one or on both sides of the Atlantic. These persons, who have listened with ever fresh delight to Mr. Dresel's renderings of the finest musical compositions, are naturally astonished to learn that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for failing to perceive his "automatic rigidity of touch," his "heavy playing," his "remarkable jumbling together of the notes," which they never remarked. Those (and they are not a few) of the best amateur performers in what the critic is pleased to call "the most musical community in America," who have been enjoying Mr. Dresel's "unequal scales and arpeggios," are rebuked and urged to a nobler ambition by the intimation that they can play much better than he themselves! And the sympathies of the audience are enlisted in behalf of the dead whose works they love, by a suggestion that the bones of Chopin probably writhe in his grave whenever Mr. Dresel plays a Notturmo!

How well our critic is fitted to reveal to us our strong delusion, may be inferred from the fact that he can not only tell us how badly Mr. Dresel plays what he does play, but also how horribly he plays what he does not play! The *Sonata Pathétique* of Beethoven

was our critic's particular affliction at Mr. Dresel's second soirée. What a fine-ear must he be, who was excruciated by Mr. Dresel's inaudible performance of a piece not in the programme—"a ditty of no tone," piped to the spirit only, an invisible massacre of a masterpiece, upon an immaterial piano! But, as I said before, the utter folly of this writer's remarks upon so accomplished and admirable a performer as Mr. Dresel, would provoke no notice were it not that they are conceived in the worst spirit of the janissary press. The interests of Art in America demand that the public feeling should make it plain that our communities, desirous of serious and advancing musical culture, will tolerate no such unprincipled assaults upon that most estimable and valuable class of persons, the foreign musicians, who bring to us the results of a culture necessarily higher than our country has yet attained. We welcomed the tacticians of Germany in the infancy of our military education—the engineers of France when we were learning to build and to bulwark our cities—we now look to Europe for whatever of ability, of learning and of taste she can furnish to us—that our native capacities for music, as well as for all other arts and sciences, may be well and worthily developed.

The improvement of American musical instruments can neither be arrested by the sneers of third-rate foreign musicians, nor accelerated by the applause of venal native critics. When American musical compositions can command the attention and the admiration of American audiences, the foolish sneers will be found on the same side with the venal praises.

And neither American manufacturers nor American composers can fail to feel that nothing can be so hurtful to the interests of Art, and consequently to their own interests, as the debasing influence of a vulgar and reckless press—a press *boutiquiere*, which deals in criticisms as barbers deal in wigs, or astrologers in destinies. Balzac has given us in the portraits of Lousteau and his friends, the features of these retailers of opinions, whose convictions are their own only as the linen-draper's goods belong to the linen draper till the purchaser appears. We have not yet imported many representatives of this class; but a more meanly ambitious and contemptible variety of the same type has sprung up in our own soil, which threatens to do mischief to the cultivation of the "humanities" among us. It rests with the public to decide what the extent of the mischief shall be. The musical public of Boston, at least, we feel sure, will take care that on this soil the noxious influence shall not spread far nor sink deep. H.

Our correspondent administers a deserved rebuke. He hits the nail upon the head, when he characterizes the "letter from Boston," with its shameless and dishonest criticism upon as true an artist as has ever yet set foot in Boston or upon our shores, as a *business operation*. Any person, at all acquainted with the mysteries of newspaperdom, and especially of New York musical journalism, must have seen through the matter at a glance. That letter plainly did not emanate from any Boston source; nor from the editorial fountain proper of the *Review* in which it appeared; nor from any person who could properly be called musical or who had any serious love or reverence for Art, or who could necessarily be presumed ever to have heard Mr. Dresel play, or who, if he had heard him, could have judged whether his playing were good, bad or indifferent;—but from a travelling business emissary of the said *Review*, from its financial drummer, who sends these off-hand letters home, well-spiced with personalities, both flattering and abusive, to pique the curiosity of all the meanest of the many, and thus advertise his paper and draw in subscribers, advertising patronage, &c. The publication of the letter was heralded by paragraphs in Boston



daily papers, (paragraphs of that questionable aspect between editorial puffs and business advertisements,) calling attention to the spicy number of the Review. No matter who is victimized in such a case, no matter how the cause of Art is served, the main point is to make a stir about "our Journal," and make every body want to see it. The famous Sontag bribery stir in New York, some months since, is understood to have emanated from the same source and with the same motive.

In a word the article was written in the interests of *business*, and not in the interests of *Art*; although that business was to circulate an Art journal. In these late and palmy days of journalism there has sprung up to monstrous power, in New York, what has been very happily denominated a "Satanic Press." In what does its "satanic" element consist? In its unscrupulous, unblushing sacrifice of truth and public confidence to its own *business* interests; in its appeal to bad passions and vile curiosity to make the paper sell. Shall musical journalism, also,—shall the ministry of the Press to the sacred cause of Art and Taste in the community, be tempted into borrowing these satanic levers of an outward, and commercial success! God forbid it! This is the only serious ground for taking notice of the letter. An artist, like Mr. Dresel, cannot suffer from such wanton and absurd attacks. But the cause of Music and true Art in the community must surely suffer, if business agents and subscription canvassers may be allowed to climb into the critic's chair, and make or unmake artists' reputations with the unsuspecting many, among their other advertising "dodges."

We sincerely hope the proper editors and publishers of the *Musical Review* will disown the letter which they may have carelessly allowed to deface their columns. It is but a week or two since we were moved of our own good will and conviction to notice the enlargement and improvement of the *Review* with commendation. The commendation was sincere; we had seen much to like and to respect among its editorials. We were pleased to find it copying and approving an article from our journal (written, will its editors believe it, by the very artist whom they now so virulently attack) about the so-called "pupils of Liszt and Mendelssohn." The *Review* singled out for special praise the sentence which declared that Germany sends over swarms of bad, as well as good musicians to our shores; and proceeded to expatiate upon the jealousy between native and foreign musicians in so reasonable a manner, although from the "native" point of view, that we did not hesitate to meet it half way and endorse its views.

Why could not the matter have remained there, upon the basis of a fair and catholic settlement? Why revive again this old stupid, bitter prejudice of native against foreign music teachers and musicians? We are sure the editor of the *Review* would not have done it of his own accord. But the business canvasser, who writes the letter, finds that too profitable a string to leave unpulled. He must sweep in the many,—make them all subscribe. The many are those interested in one way or another in the great business speculations of psalm-book publishing, piano-forte making, choir-teaching, &c., &c. This is the great musical world, which pays, which rolls up the grand subscription lists. And alas! for human nature, there is littleness and jealousy enough in it, to make a caricature of any foreign artist, who maintains a higher stand, quite palatable. This is the way our agent-critic evidently reasoned: what a fine bait to the many-headed monster to serve up one of the best German artists for its malicious pleasure! But we have too much faith

in human nature, and in our music-loving countrymen, not to believe that (with some few exceptions) they reject the bait, and that such arts of circulating musical journals are regarded only with contempt.

The letter is cunningly devised and fortified, opening with a wholesale flattery of Boston, and ending with a neat little complimentary paragraph to our own journal, which we gratefully acknowledge, but cannot let it blind us to the truth, or silence us upon occasion of so foul an outrage against Art, as this attack on Mr. Dresel.

### Advertisements.

**MR. APTOMMAS,**  
THE CELEBRATED HARPIST,  
Announces that he will give a Series of  
**THREE HARP SOIREE'S,**  
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The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their

### SIXTH CONCERT

On Tuesday Evening, Jan. 31st, 1854,

WILL TAKE PLACE

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ASSISTED BY

MR. J. TRENKLE, Pianist.

A new Quartette by Franz Schubert,—Mendelssohn's Piano Trio in D minor,—Quartette in B flat by Beethoven,—Song from the "Tannhäuser" and one of Bach's Preludios arranged by Gounod etc., will be presented.

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The immense number of sixty-four thousand copies have been actually issued within the short period named, and yet until this day (Jan 21st), we have not known the time when we were not from one to six thousand copies behind our orders. Regretting the disappointment which many have experienced in not obtaining a supply heretofore, we believe we shall hereafter be able to fill every order promptly.

Of course no commendation is needed, of a work which gives such indisputable evidence of entirely meeting the wants of all classes of singers.

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References.

Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.

Messrs. GEORGE PRABODY, B. H. SILSBEE, Salem.

Jan. 21. Sm.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

#### GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE attention of Subscribers to our regular series of Concerts is called to the following: On counting the number of subscription Tickets that have until now been presented for the past seven Concerts, the undersigned ascertains the fact, that the number which is still in the possession of purchasers does far exceed the number of seats in the Hall, although the sale had been stopped when the number fixed by the Committee were disposed of. This disproportion arises from the irregular use of Tickets in the hands of many purchasers; and to satisfy all holders of Tickets, the Society have concluded to give a Concert on

#### EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,

Until the 18th of March inclusive,

Making SEVEN more Concerts instead of THREE, admitting Subscription Tickets to any of those seven Concerts. The undersigned has had applications from many of the subscribers to compose the programme of mostly classical compositions; and again from many to have the Germanians perform more music of lighter character. To satisfy all, the Society have adopted the following plan:

To perform alternately a programme of classical and one of modern music—which brings the next Concert in the category of the latter style, a Concert in which none but light music, with few exceptions, will be performed.

A limited number of Subscription Tickets at the usual terms can then be disposed of, and those who wish to secure additional sets or half sets, are invited to procure them at WADE'S Music Store, during the hours from 12 to 2. A Programme will appear on every SATURDAY MORNING in the principal papers.

Jan. 28

HENRY BANDT, AGENT.

#### BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society

WILL GIVE THEIR

Eighth Grand Subscription Concert,

On Saturday Evening, Jan. 28th,

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH,

AND BY

Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

1. Kriegerische Jubelouverture, ..... Lindpaintner.
2. Philomelen Waltz, ..... Strauss.
3. Rondo Brillante, for Piano, with Orchestral accompaniment, ..... Mendelssohn.  
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